

CDC
CRIME and JUSTICE

No 17

you can't get away with murder!

CRIME

AND JUSTICE



The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTIC TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HILARIOUS RAUCOUS", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", and "STRANGE WORLDS". The art style is characteristic of mid-century pulp magazines, with bold colors and dynamic illustrations. Overlaid on top of this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a large, white, stylized font with a slight shadow effect. The overall composition suggests a digital archive or a website dedicated to classic comic books.

CRIME AND JUSTICE

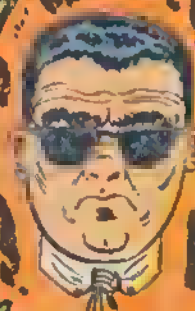
IN THE LAST ISSUE OF CRIME & JUSTICE, MERRY AND CURTIS CHASE HAD BEEN ON A PACIFIC CRUISE WHICH WAS ANYTHING BUT A RESTFUL VACATION. THEY ASKED TO BE PUT ASHORE... THE NEAREST PORT BEING AFRICA ON THE COAST OF CHILE IN SOUTH AMERICA. HERE BEGINS ANOTHER LEG OF A MR. & MRS. CHASE TRIP INTO ADVENTURE, SUSPENSE AND MURDER, IN THE JUNGLES OF...

The

MATTO GRASSO



CAPTAIN HANSEN
PILOT OF THE
ILL FATED
AIRLINER.



KALE
WHAT WAS ONE
MURDER MORE
OR LESS IF
THE REWARDS
WERE WORTH IT?



PROFESSOR BONZ
HIS LITTLE BLACK
BAG WAS THE
PANDORA'S BOX
OF THE AIR JOURNEY.



OLGA
A REAL SWEET
KID... WHEN SHE
WASN'T HANDLING
A KNIFE OR A
GUN!



MERRY AND CURTIS CHASE
WORLD TRAVELERS ON A TRIP WHOSE
FATE HUNG THEIR SURVIVAL IN ITS HANDS.

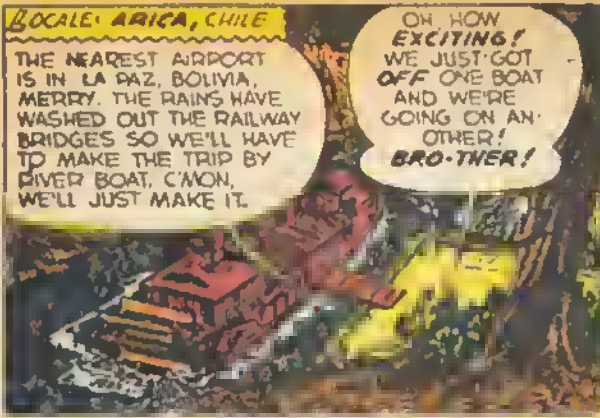
100
MERRY

CRIME AND JUSTICE

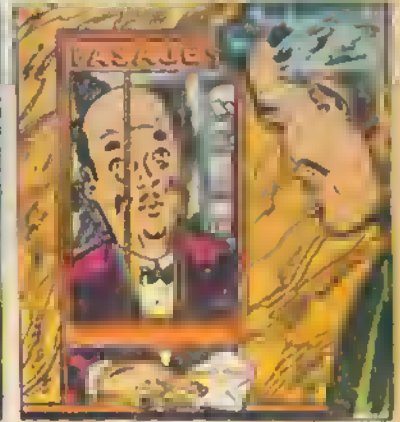
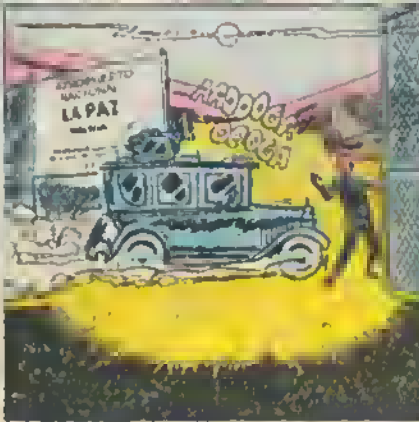
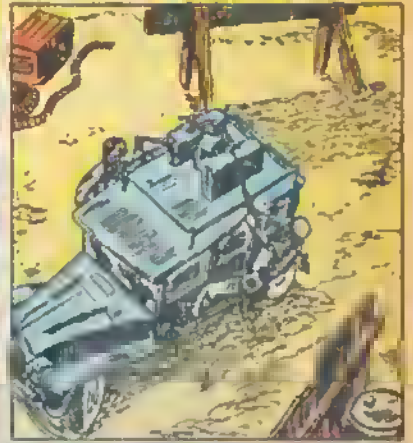
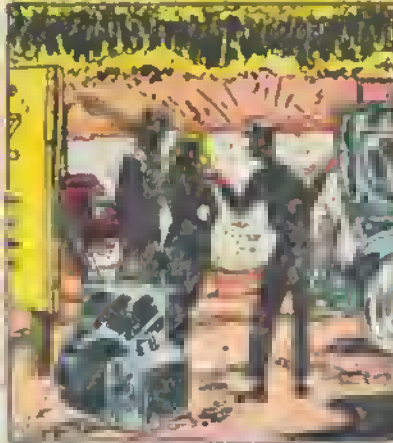
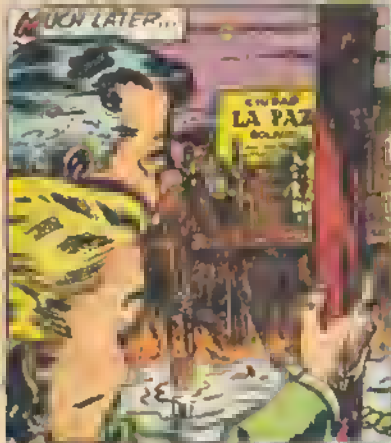
LOCALE: ARICA, CHILE

THE NEAREST AIRPORT IS IN LA PAZ, BOLIVIA, MERRY. THE RAINS HAVE WASHED OUT THE RAILWAY BRIDGES SO WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE TRIP BY RIVER BOAT. C'MON, WE'LL JUST MAKE IT.

OH, HOW EXCITING! WE JUST GOT OFF ONE BOAT AND WE'RE GOING ON ANOTHER! BRO-THER!

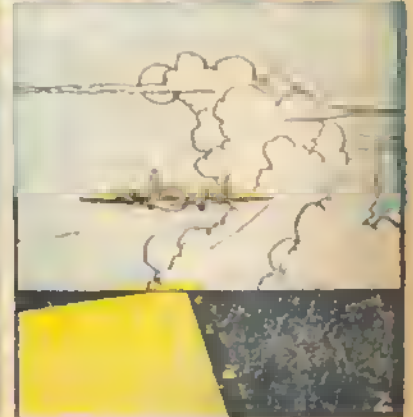


6 HOURS LATER...

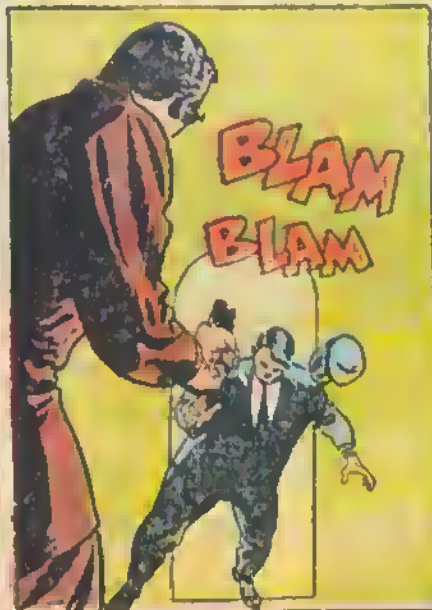
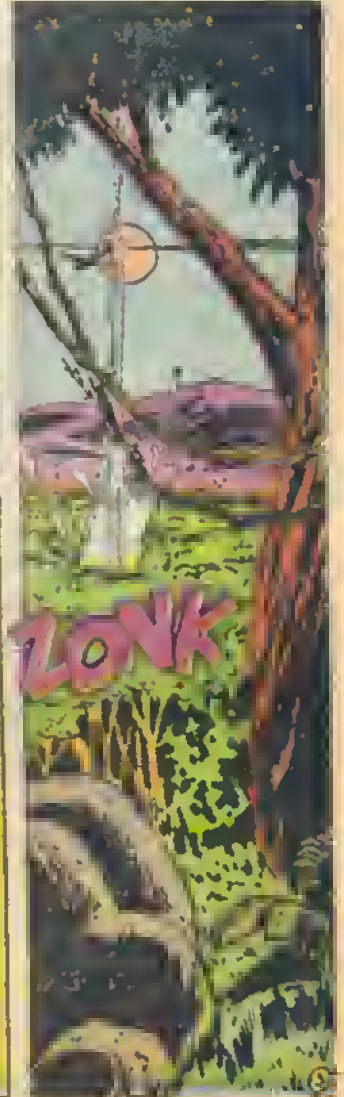
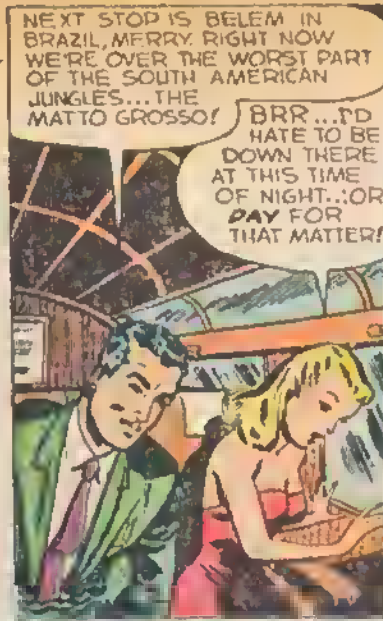


SE REPITE...
ULTIMO AVISO...
VUELO 215 PARA
NUEVA YORK, EST.
UNIDOS... SALIDA
NUMERO 13

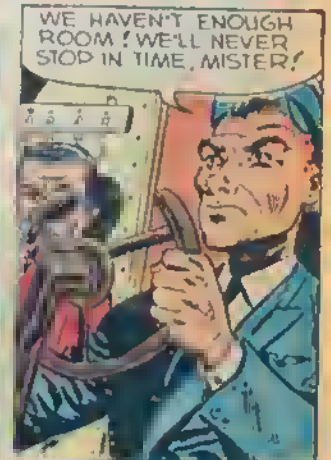
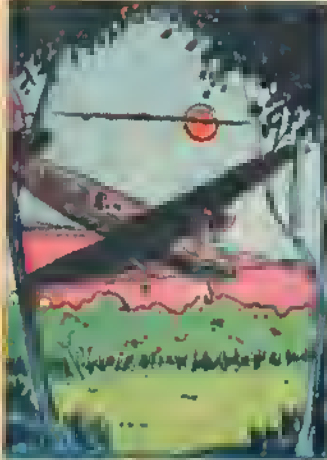
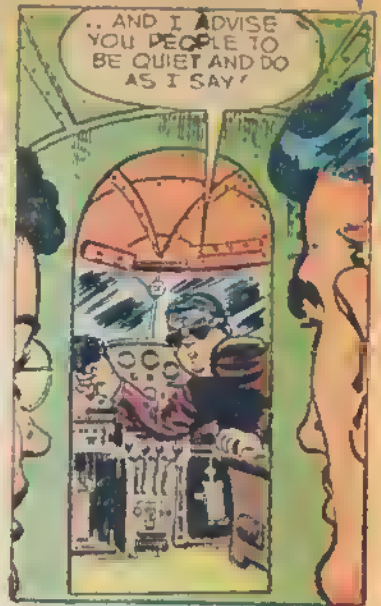
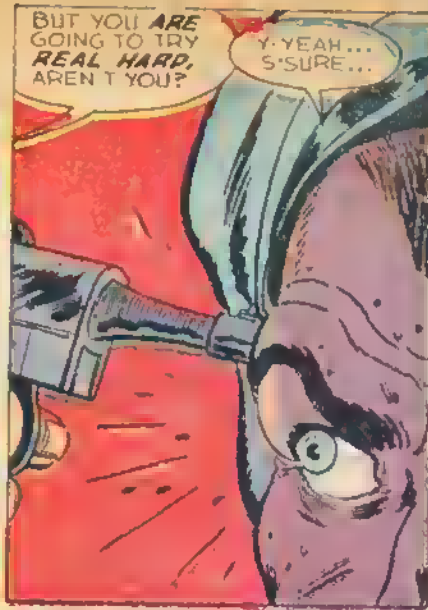
THAT'S US, MERRY. FLIGHT 215 TO NEW YORK... GATE 13.



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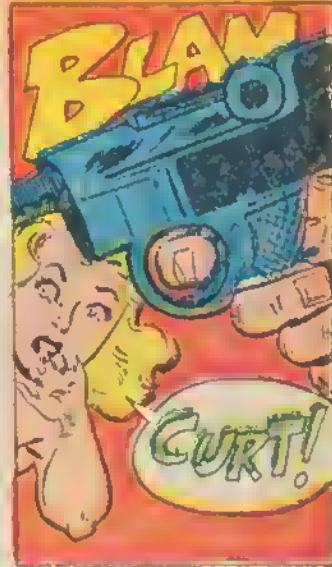


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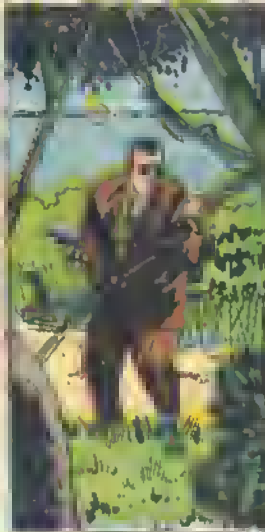
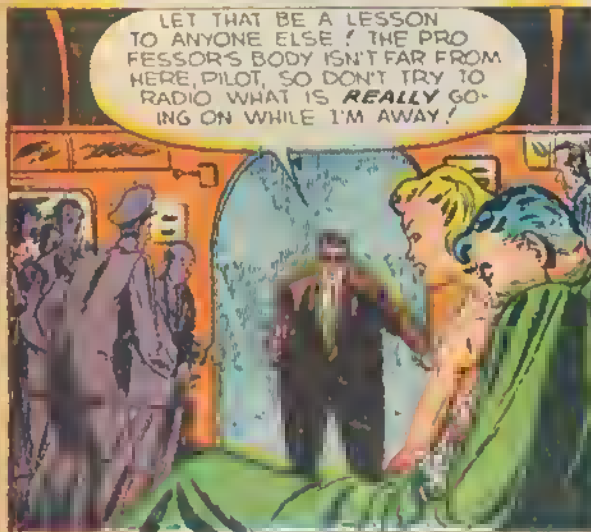
RADIO THE BELEM ARMY AIR BASE AND TELL THEM TO SEND A RESCUE HELICOPTER. AND YOU, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WILL HAVE TO WAIT FOR LATER RESCUE SINCE I WILL BE THE ONLY ONE TO RETURN ON THE FIRST TRIP... I AND THE PROFESSOR'S LITTLE BLACK BAG!



THEN CURTIS CHASE LUNGES...



LET THAT BE A LESSON TO ANYONE ELSE! THE PROFESSOR'S BODY ISN'T FAR FROM HERE, PILOT, SO DON'T TRY TO RADIO WHAT IS *REALLY* GOING ON WHILE I'M AWAY!



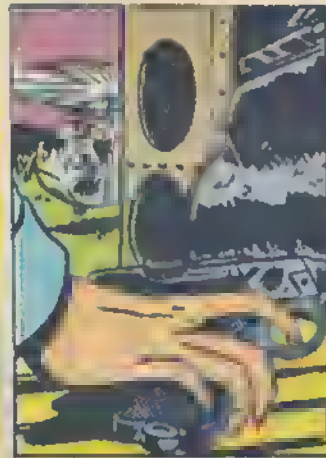
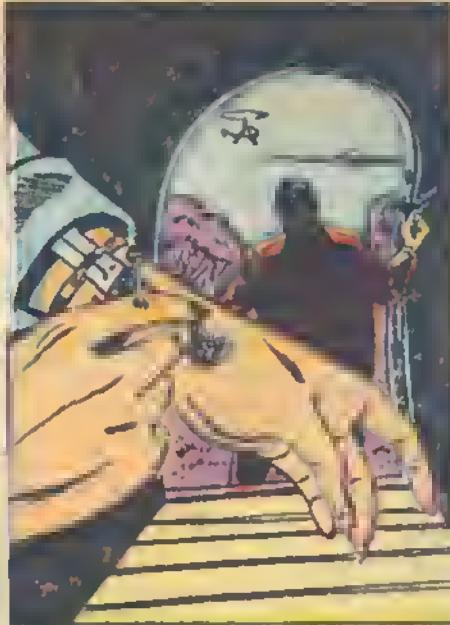
HEH! THE PROFESSOR DIDN'T SAY A WORD *THIS* TIME! NOW WE'LL SEE HOW VALUABLE THE CONTENTS OF THIS ...AH... I HEAR THE HELICOPTER. GOOD BY, GENTLE PEOPLE...



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WAIT! I MUST GET BACK TO NEW YORK, SIR! I CARRY IMPORTANT INFORMATION. I AM SURE MY COUNTRY WILL PAY WELL FOR MY SAFE PASSAGE!

THAT IS TOO BAD, YOUNG LADY... BUT I TAKE NO CHANCES!



HEY! WHERE'S THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE? DON'T YOU PEOPLE WANT TO BE RESCUED?

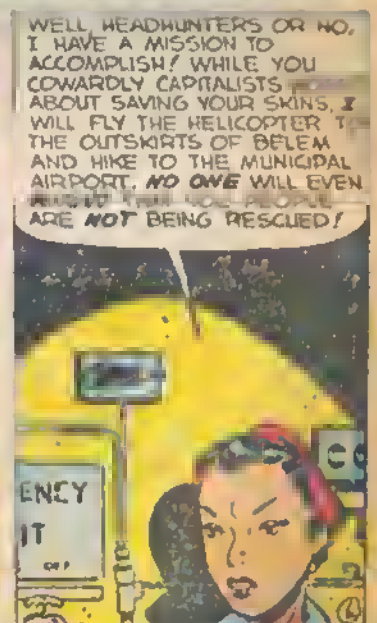


SAY... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH...



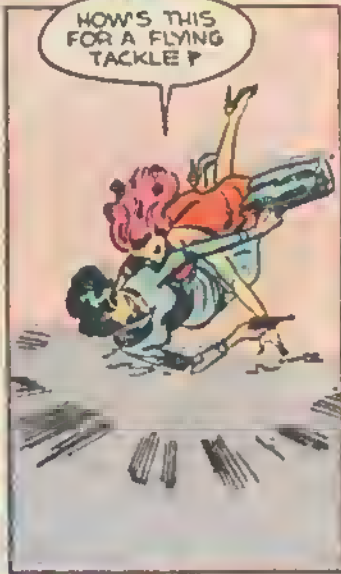
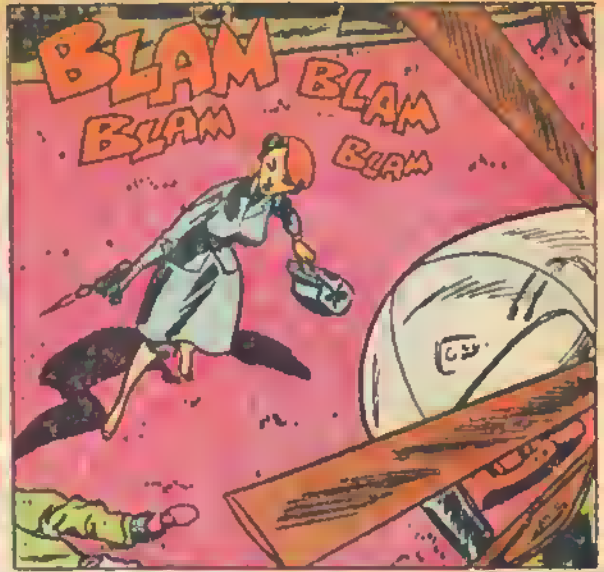
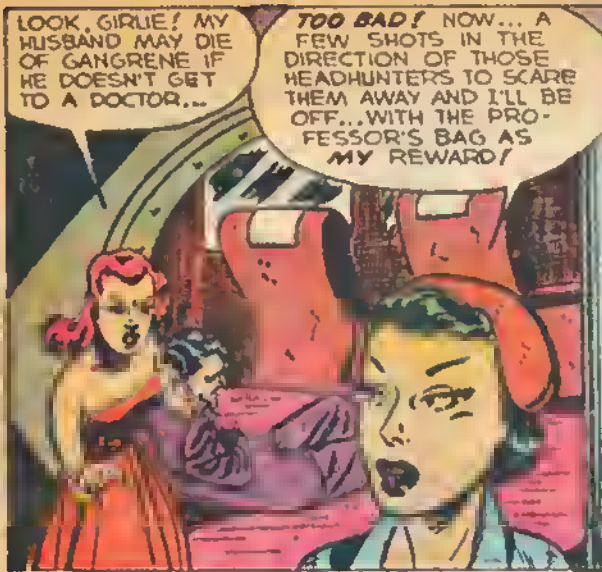
THE PILOT... HE JUST FELL... WITH A DART IN HIS BACK!

HEADHUNTERS!

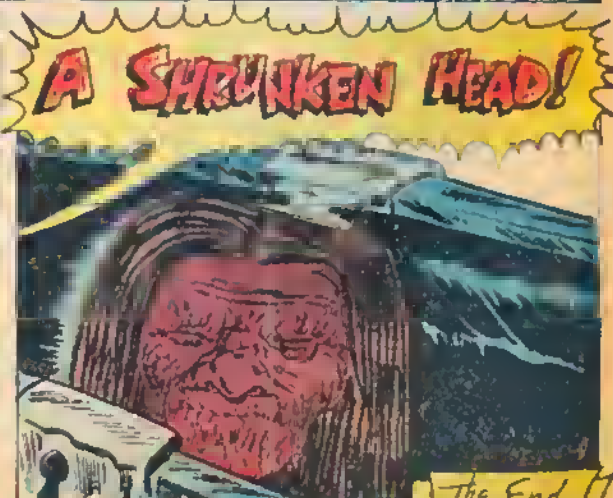
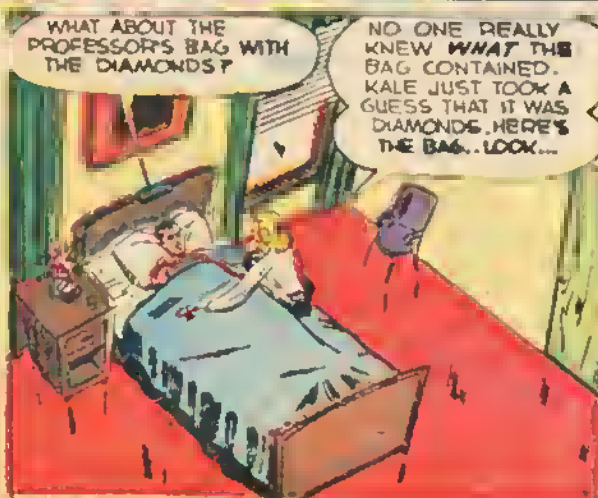
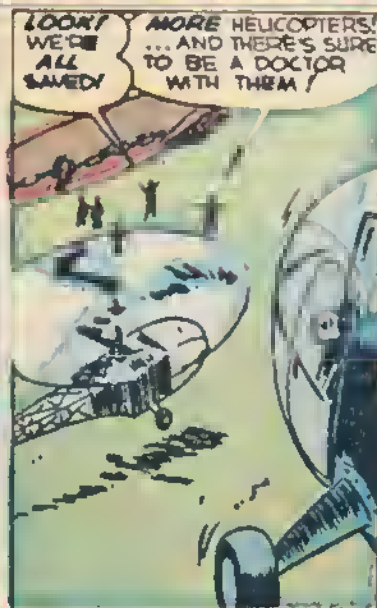


WELL HEADHUNTERS OR NO, I HAVE A MISSION TO ACCOMPLISH! WHILE YOU COWARDLY CAPITALISTS ABOUT SAVING YOUR SKINS, I WILL FLY THE HELICOPTER TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF BELEM AND HIKE TO THE MUNICIPAL AIRPORT. NO ONE WILL EVEN THINK OF RESCUING PEOPLE ARE NOT BEING RESCUED!

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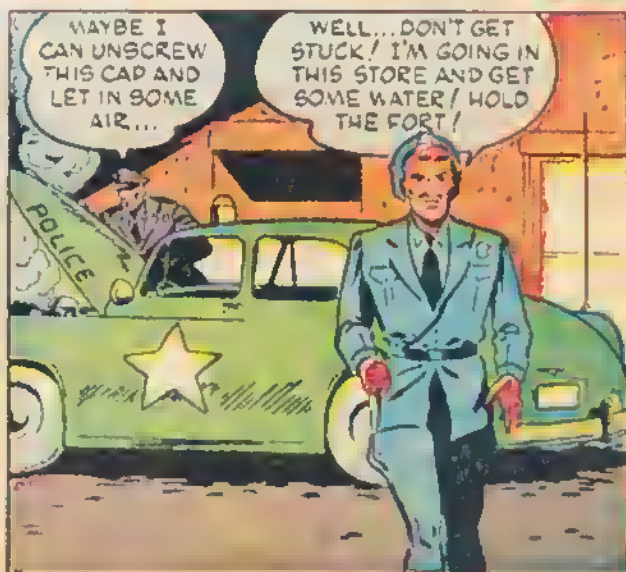
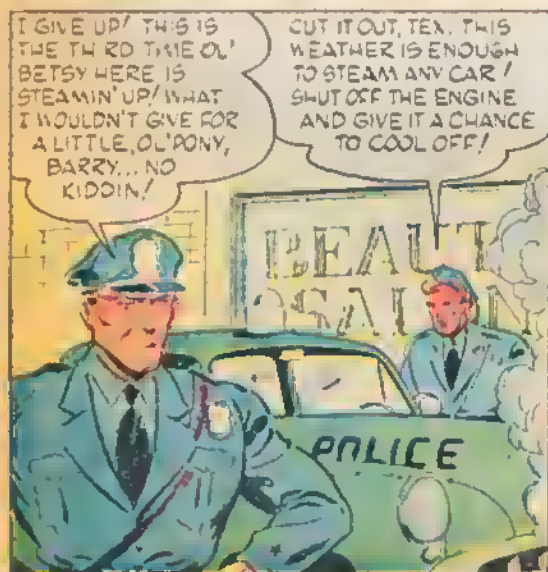


The End

RADIO PATROL

IN

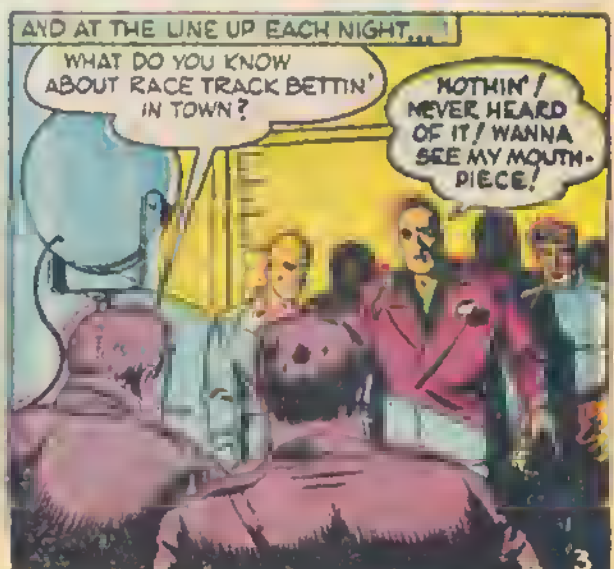
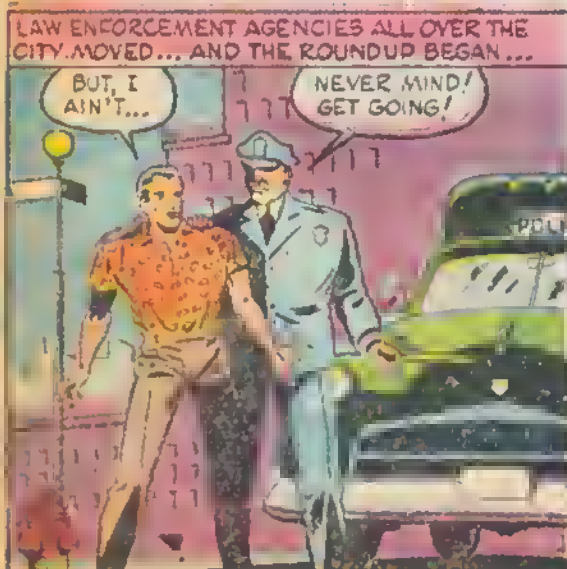
"THE CASE OF THE CARELESS JUNKMAN"



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WEEKS OF INVESTIGATION FOLLOWED...WITHOUT THE SURFACE OF THE PROBLEM BEING SCRATCHED...UNTIL ONE NIGHT...

OH, OH/
WHAT GIVES
HERE?

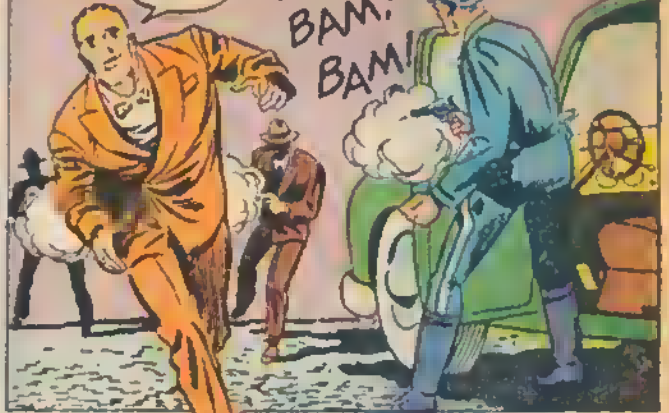
THEY'RE GONNA
GUN THAT GUY,
BARRY!



HELP ME!
THEY'RE TRYIN'
TO KILL...
UGH!

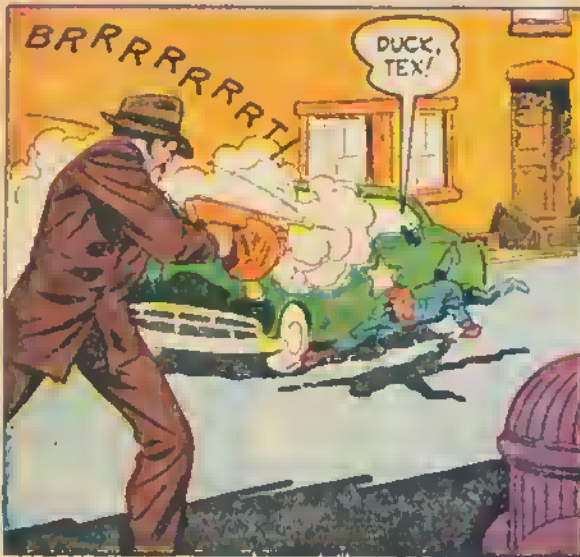
THEY GOT HIM/
OPEN UP, TEX!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!



BRRRRRRRT!

DUCK,
TEX!



THEY'RE
RUNNING
FOR IT...

AFTER 'EM/
DON'T LET 'EM
GET AWAY!



YAAAAH!

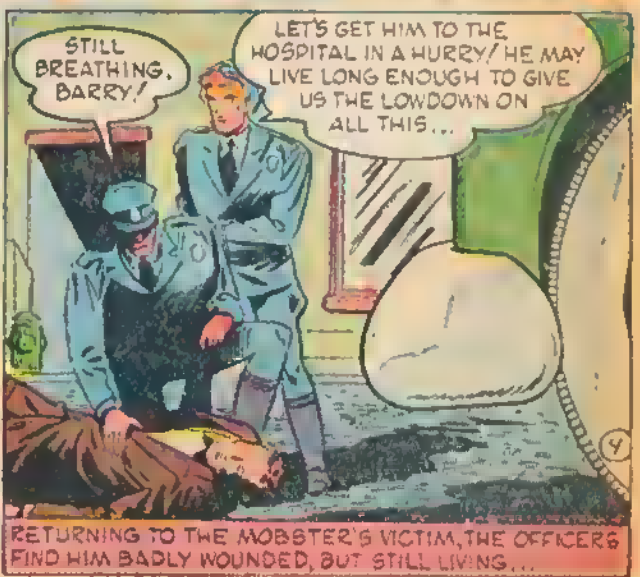
HE WON'T
SHOOT ANYONE
AGAIN!

CRACK!



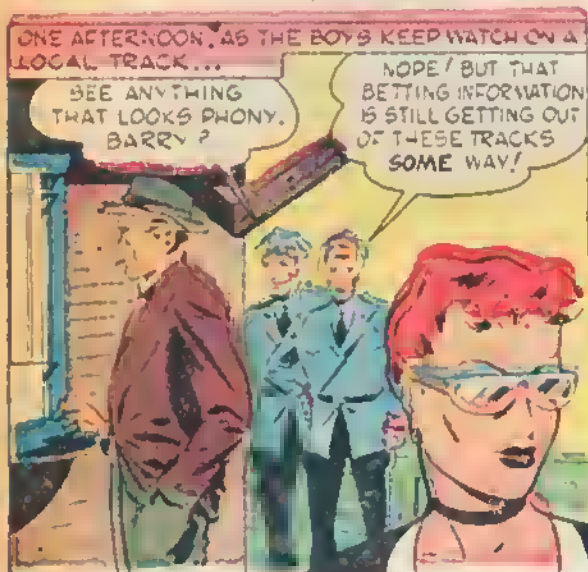
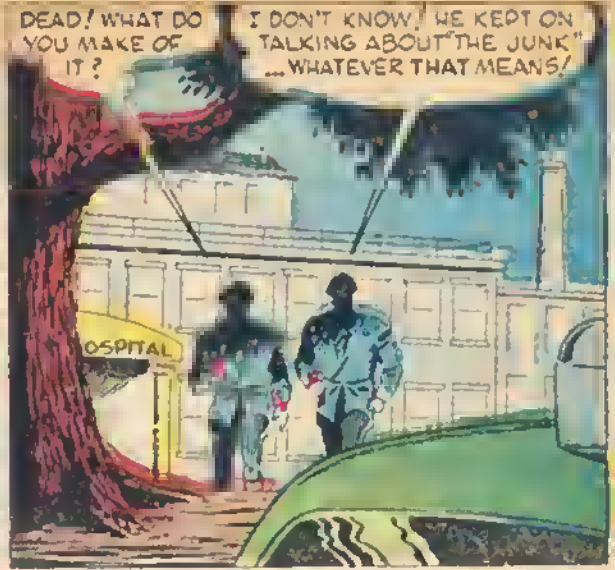
STILL
BREATHING,
BARRY!

LET'S GET HIM TO THE
HOSPITAL IN A HURRY! HE MAY
LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE
US THE LOWDOWN ON
ALL THIS...

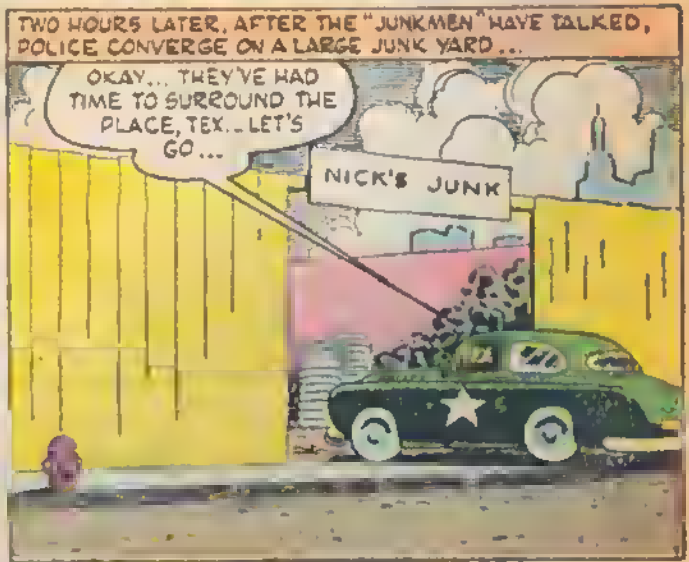
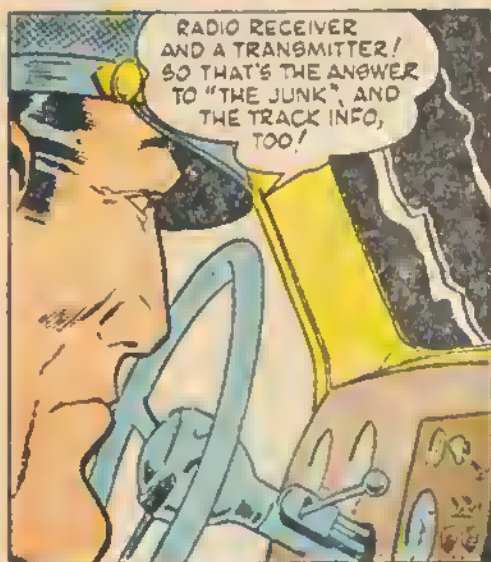
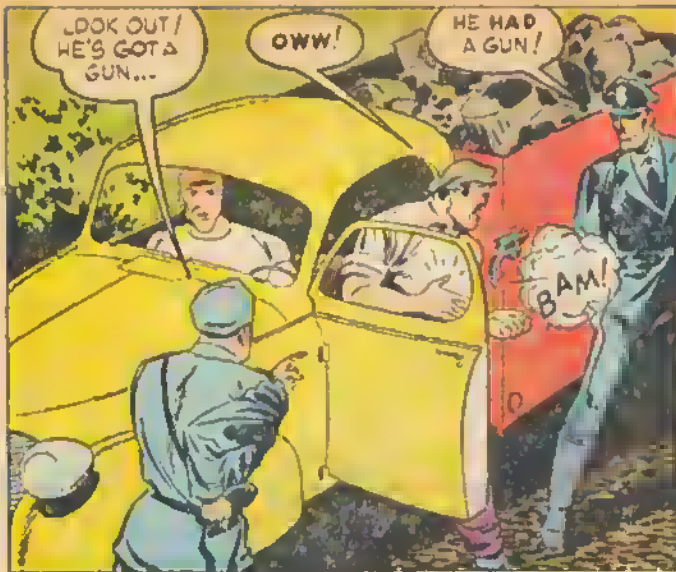


RETURNING TO THE MOBSTER'S VICTIM, THE OFFICERS FIND HIM BADLY WOUNDED, BUT STILL LIVING...

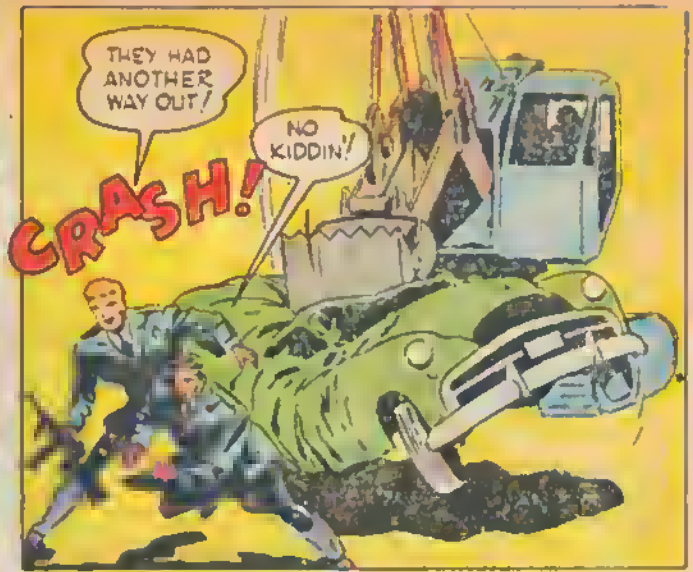
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"DEATH MARKS A BULLET"

Evelyn Burdick was angry as she sat at the breakfast table and faced her husband. She poured him a second cup of coffee and buttered a slice of toast. Then she expressed her thoughts in no uncertain words.

"Your uncle went to the doctor yesterday for a physical check-up. He is in perfect health. In fact, he might even outlive us. Every time you ask him about being made a partner in the business, he shrugs it off. You gave up a good job at the gas station back home to come here."

Frank Burdick was used to his wife when she became angry. No use of reminding her that he had been fired from every job he held during the last five years. And then Uncle Leo Burdick had asked them both to come to Lentenville.

"We got a roof over our heads and money in our pockets. What more can we ask?" he replied gently to his wife. "After all, we are his only living heirs."

"That sport store of his is a gold mine," snapped back Evelyn.

"Do you realize he made more than five hundred dollars last week? I never knew there was so much money in fishing tackle, worms, guns and bullets. Now if that store were only ours."

"It will be ours when Uncle Leo dies," pointed out Frank to his wife. "He's at least sixty-five and can't live forever."

"We could sort of help him die," replied Evelyn grimly, as she realized she would have to make things very clear to her sort of dumb husband. "I have been thinking of various ways in which we could make it look like an accident."

Slowly Frank replaced his half empty cup of coffee on the saucer. No need of asking whether or not his wife was serious about killing Uncle Leo. She meant what she said. And he knew there would be no rest until she got her way.

"You only read about those perfect crimes



in stories," he half protested. "We couldn't get away with it."

"You bet we could," she retorted. "What's the matter with you? Don't you understand that every unsolved murder has to be a perfect crime? I have met Sheriff Sam Luke. He's so old and feeble he just totters along. I'll show you how easy it is to kill your Uncle Leo and make it look like an accident. At low tide, the end of the pier is forty feet above the rocks. Suppose you just weakened one of the pilings? Everyone knows how old and rickety that bridge is. In fact, you yourself heard Sheriff Sam Luke advise your uncle to have the pier fixed. By Friday of this week we should be mourning for the late Leo Burdick."

Thursday morning it was low tide. As was his habit, Uncle Leo walked to the end of the pier to check the bait boxes. He would count them to be certain none were missing. He was a bald-headed, toothless old man who always had a wide grin on his face. He limped slowly to the end of the pier. He moved some of the bait boxes, and then it happened! The last piling collapsed, and part of the pier went hurtling down. Uncle Leo found himself hanging precariously on a moving piece of timber.

"Help! Help!" he shouted vigorously at the top of his voice. "I'm falling! Save me!"

The driver of a delivery truck heard the shouts for help. He stopped his car and walked half way down the pier. Suddenly he felt the boards underneath him begin to give way. He then retreated backwards.

"Hold on," he shouted back. "I'll get the boys from the volunteer fire department. They have a life net. We'll go below on the rocks and catch you."

Five minutes later a badly shaken up Uncle Leo got out of the life net. His nephew Frank

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had been to the railroad station to pick up a package and returned just in time to see the crowd.

"I warned your uncle to have that pier fixed. Must be at least thirty years old. Won't listen to me. Almost broke his neck. The old boy sure has a lot of strength in those fingers of his to hold on so long."

Uncle Leo was resting comfortably in bed. Downstairs, seated at the table, were Frank and his wife.

"It almost worked," admitted Evelyn. "Not a person suspected we had planned it. It was clever the way you forced the piling to the side. I have been thinking of an entirely different way to kill him."

"Must we?," protested Frank weakly. "Con't we let well enough alone. I'm a bit scared."

"Don't be chicken-hearted," scolded his wife. "We'll take a drive tonight, and I'll have all details worked out by that time."

There was a blood moon in the sky, so though it were an evil omen, Frank had parked his car on the side of Uplift Mountain. He lit a cigarette and his hand trembled. He knew this time he would have to kill his Uncle Leo and not fail.

"Got it all figured out," began Evelyn. "Nothing can go wrong this time. Your uncle burns all empty boxes down on the rocks. He dumps the stuff in that big empty oil drum and lights a fire. Slip about a dozen .38 cartridges in a box when you carry the stuff out to the fire. Pick a dark cloudy night, when there'll be no moon to reflect any light. Then shoot him with a .38 revolver. Use exactly four bullets. You will also have four empty shells in that can. Shoot off the gun in the woods so you'll have those four empty shells. You can't find a flaw with that idea."

Frank went over it in his mind. He couldn't find a weak spot in it. He sort of shook his head as though agreeing with his wife.

"There will be an autopsy. All it can show is the four slugs. Then the business will be mine."

"Ours," corrected his wife.

All the rowboats had been taken over to the cove, where they were kept during the night. Frank had put in a hard day. Uncle Leo was very well pleased.

"Next year I am going to buy a lounch. We'll take people out to the other side of Mander's Island. Good fishing there. Business is fine. You have been a good help to me, Frank. Some day you will be a partner. Mighty soon this will be your business."

At nine thirty there was a slight fog and no moon in the sky. Uncle Leo began to take out the empty paper boxes to burn them. Frank took four empty cartridge boxes he had been secretly saving. He placed a dozen live cartridges in the bottom box. In the top box he

placed the empty shells. He walked down to the rocks and threw them into the con. It was something like a ritual when Uncle Leo would start the fire. Frank walked about three yards in back of his uncle and watched the flames lick up towards the sky. Suddenly there was an explosion. At the same time Frank came up with the revolver and aimed it directly at his uncle who turned around.

"Don't . . ." was the one and only word to escape Uncle Leo's lips. It was also his last word on this earth. Frank fired four shots in quick succession. Then he quickly ran to the side of the rocks and moved one aside. He dropped the gun down into a hole he had prepared.

"Mighty terrible thing happened to your Uncle Leo," said Sheriff Sam Luke. "Knew him for quarter of a century. Fine man with a big heart. He liked you a lot. He must have been gettin' careless, not checkin' on boxes."

"Can I go home to my wife, now?" asked Frank. "You have my statement about how the accident happened."

"Of course," replied the sheriff in a friendly manner. "If there's anything more I want, I'll see you in the morning."

Frank was nervous at the breakfast table. His hand shook so that the coffee spilled from his cup.

"Get yourself together," advised his wife. "It was a perfect job, and they will never find out."

Just then the door bell rang. Evelyn looked at her husband.

"Pull yourself together," she said. "I'll see who it is at this early time of the morning."

Sheriff Sam Luke, Dr. Howard Jones, the coroner, and a stranger entered, and the law officer began speaking at once.

"Mighty slick trick you thought you figured out to kill your Uncle Leo. Dr. Jones took out the bullets from your uncle's body. Mon with me is Burt Langly, a ballistic expert from the city. You must have shot your uncle with a .38 revolver which you then hid. Under the microscope we saw the rifling marks from the gun barrel. If your Uncle Leo had been killed by exploding bullets they would have no rifling marks on them. That's where you slipped up. Bet you thought you had figured out the perfect crime."

They gave them both the chair, for the verdict was murder in the first degree, and the jury brought in no recommendation for mercy.

"Funny thing about how greedy people can be," remarked the sheriff to Dr. Jones after the trial. "Leo had gone to his attorney and drawn up the partnership papers as a surprise. Had Frank waited, he would have been a partner the next day."

The End

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THERE WAS ALMOST \$25,000 IN CASH LOCKED AWAY IN THE SAFE ... AND IT WAS MONEY ARNOLD FACTOR WANTED DESPERATELY. AS CASHIER OF THE FIRM HE INTENDED TO ROB, HE WAS IN A SPLENDID POSITION TO GET AWAY WITH THE CRIME — EXCEPT THAT HE LEFT HIMSELF WITH...

NO WAY OUT!

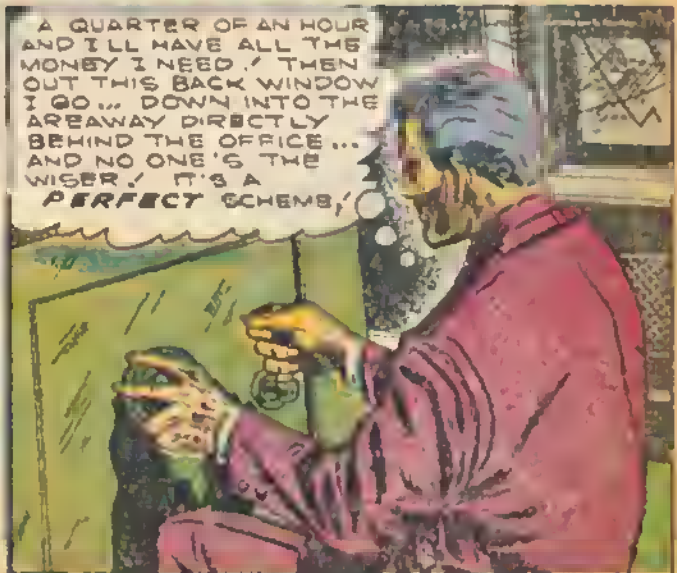
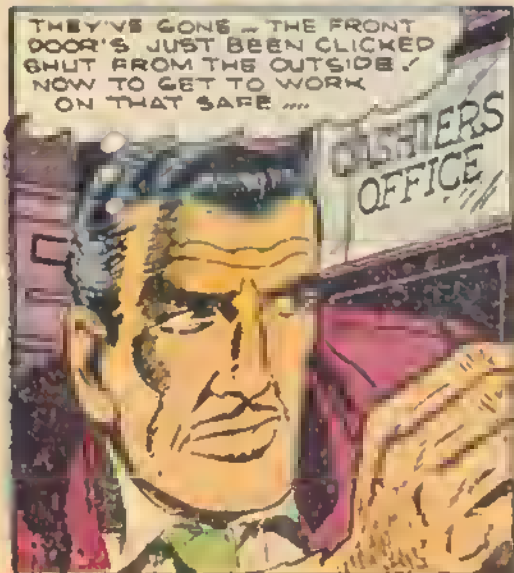
THERE GOES THE LAST OF THE EMPLOYEES — FINISHED FOR THE EVENING. IN A FEW MINUTES I'LL BE ALONE HERE — JUST ME AND THAT SAFE FULL OF DOUGH.



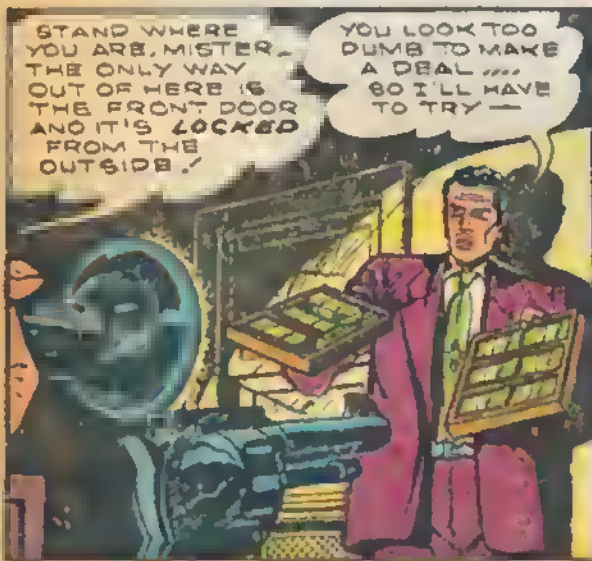
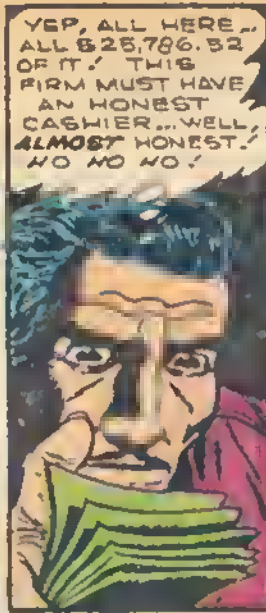
THEY'VE GONE — THE FRONT DOOR'S JUST BEEN CLICKED SHUT FROM THE OUTSIDE. NOW TO GET TO WORK ON THAT SAFE

CASHIERS
OFFICE

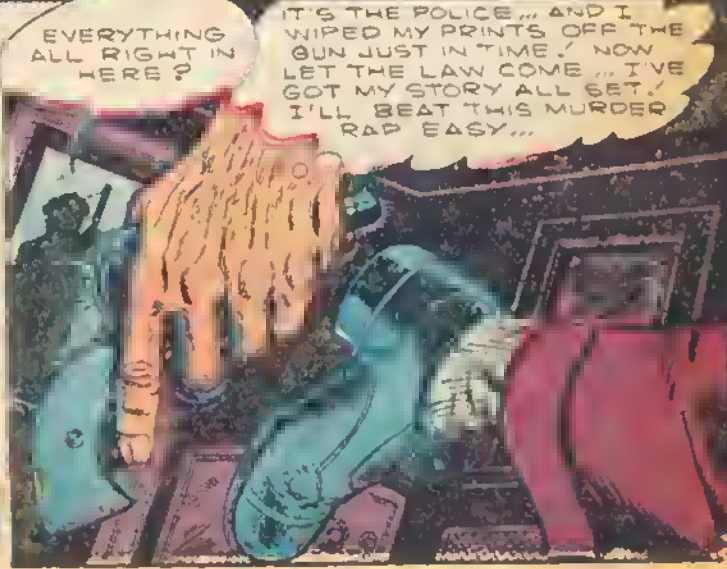
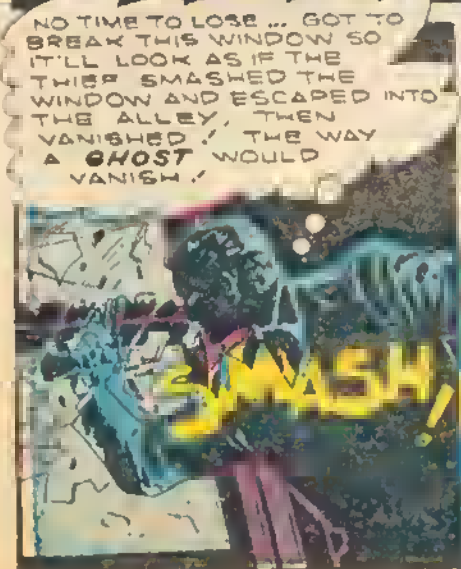
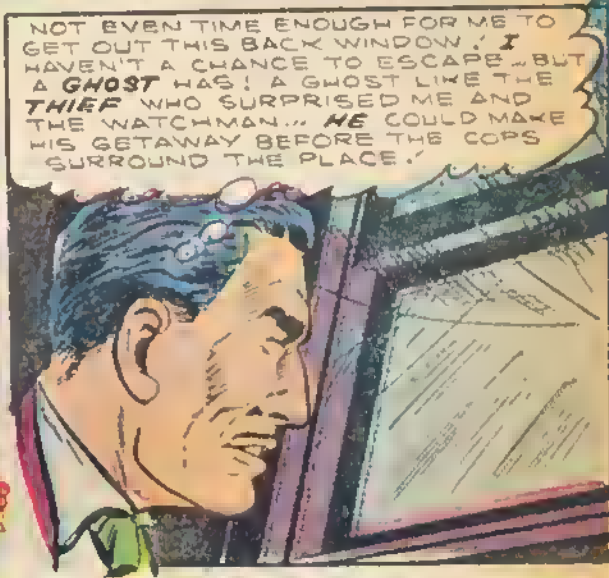
A QUARTER OF AN HOUR AND I'LL HAVE ALL THE MONEY I NEED. THEN OUT THIS BACK WINDOW I GO ... DOWN INTO THE AREAWAY DIRECTLY BEHIND THE OFFICE ... AND NO ONE'S THE WISER. IT'S A PERFECT SCHEME.



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W HERE
CAPTAIN!
THERE'S TWO
OF 'EM... ONE
LOOKS AS IF
HE'S FINISHED
AND THE
OTHER'S GROSSY!

I'LL HAVE TO SACRIFICE THE
DOUGH, TO SAVE MY NECK...
IT'S ALL OVER THE FLOOR...
I'LL SAY WE BEAT OFF
THE THIEF. MAYBE THAT
WAY I'LL GET SOME
REWARD MONEY! HEN HEN...
NOT BAD FOR A PLAN
THAT WENT ALL WRONG!

... AND WHEN I LOOKED UP,
THIS HOODLUM WAS SHOWING
THE WATCHMAN INTO THE
ROOM. HE MADE ME OPEN
THE SAFE, THEN I FOUGHT
HIM. IN THE SCUFFLE HE
FIRED TWICE... GOT ME IN
THE ARM... KILLED THE
OLD MAN... GUESSED THE
FIGHT SCARED HIM OFF...

... 'CAUSE THE NEXT THING I
KNOW, HE'S DIVING THROUGH
THAT WINDOW. I HEARD
HIM IN THE ALLEY... THAT'S
WHEN I TURNED IN THE
ALARM. AFTER THAT I
MUST'VE BLACKED-OUT.

HE DROPPED THE
DOUGH, EH? THEN
CRASHED THROUGH
THIS WINDOW - HMM...
IT'S POSSIBLE TO
GET THROUGH THIS
WINDOW INTO THE
ALLEYWAY...

... POSSIBLE FOR A GHOST!
GLAP THE HANDCUFFS ON
THIS GUY, MAC... HE'S LYING!
IF THERE WAS A THIEF...
HE'S IT!

YOU'RE
WRONG!
I SAW IT
WITH MY
OWN
EYES...

I'VE GOT EYES
TOO, BUSTER... AND
THEY TELL ME THAT
ONLY A GHOST
COULD'VE JUMPED
OUT THIS WINDOW
AND NOT DISTURBED
ALL THE COBWEBS
... I'VE GOT SOME
'IM, MAC... FOR
MURDER! THE OLD
WATCHMAN MUST'VE
SURPRISED HIM
OPENING THE SAFE!

AL BLAIR HAD WORKED HARD TO MAKE A GO OF HIS "AIR CARGO, INC."... THEN, AFTER THREE YEARS OF ROUGH GOING CAME THE BIG BREAK... THE MILLION DOLLAR A YEAR CARR CONTRACT! YES, THINGS LOOKED GOOD TO AL THE MORNING OF THE...

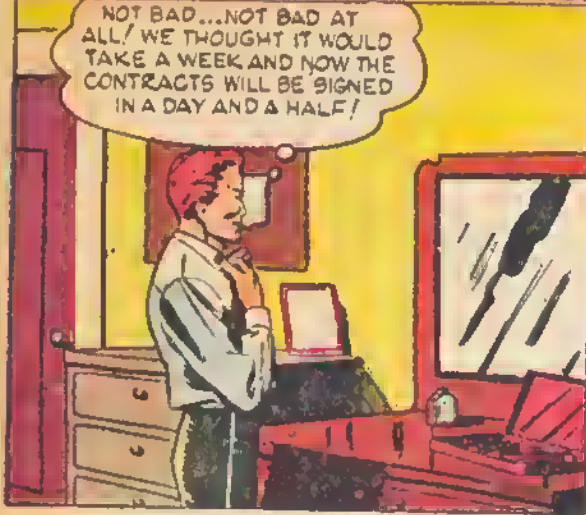
INTERRUPTED TAKEOFF!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

LATER, IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, AL BLAIR CONGRATULATES HIMSELF ON PUTTING OVER THE AIR CARGO DEAL ...

NOT BAD...NOT BAD AT ALL! WE THOUGHT IT WOULD TAKE A WEEK AND NOW THE CONTRACTS WILL BE SIGNED IN A DAY AND A HALF!



THIS DEAL WILL REALLY PUT AIR CARGO, INC. IN THE BLACK NEXT YEAR ... CAN'T WAIT TO GET HOME TOMORROW AND TELL HELEN AND JIMMY...



EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

AWFULLY BORRY ABOUT IT, MR. BLAIR... ENTIRELY THE AIRPORT'S FAULT! WE CAN HAVE IT REPLACED AND READY TO GO BY NOON...

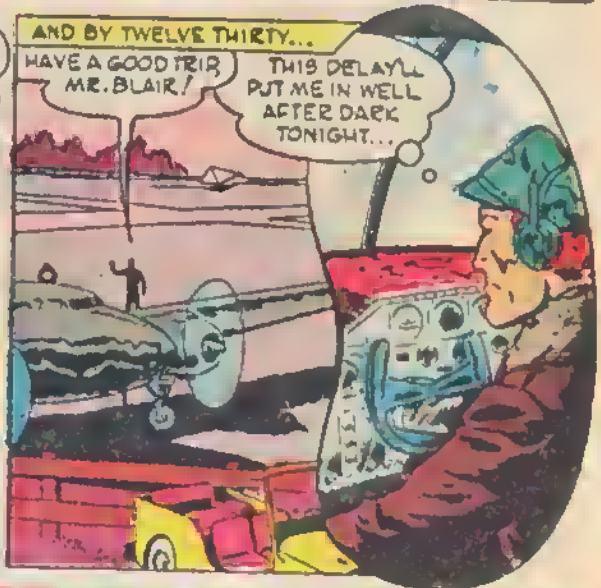
IT'S ALL RIGHT! THESE THINGS CAN HAPPEN... I'LL BE BACK AT TWELVE SHARP!



AND BY TWELVE THIRTY...

HAVE A GOOD TRIP MR. BLAIR!

THIS DELAY'LL PUT ME IN WELL AFTER DARK TONIGHT...



MEANWHILE, MANY MILES AWAY, ON THE EAST COAST...

HERE'S TO AL... -AND HIS WEEK IN CHICAGO!

MUST YOU KEEP BRINGING HIM UP, JIMMY? I'D RATHER FORGET HIM... I WISH HE'D STAY OUT THERE FOREVER!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



WHY DON'T YOU USE THE GUN, AL?

YOU AREN'T WORTH IT! I CLOSED THE DEAL WITH CARR YESTERDAY... LOSING MY TEMPER NOW COULD SPOIL EVERYTHING I'VE WORKED FOR, FOR THREE YEARS!

SO NOW YOUR AIRLINE IS GOING TO BE A SUCCESS! GOOD! THAT'S ALL YOU'VE WANTED... NOW YOU WON'T MIND GIVING ME WHAT I WANT...

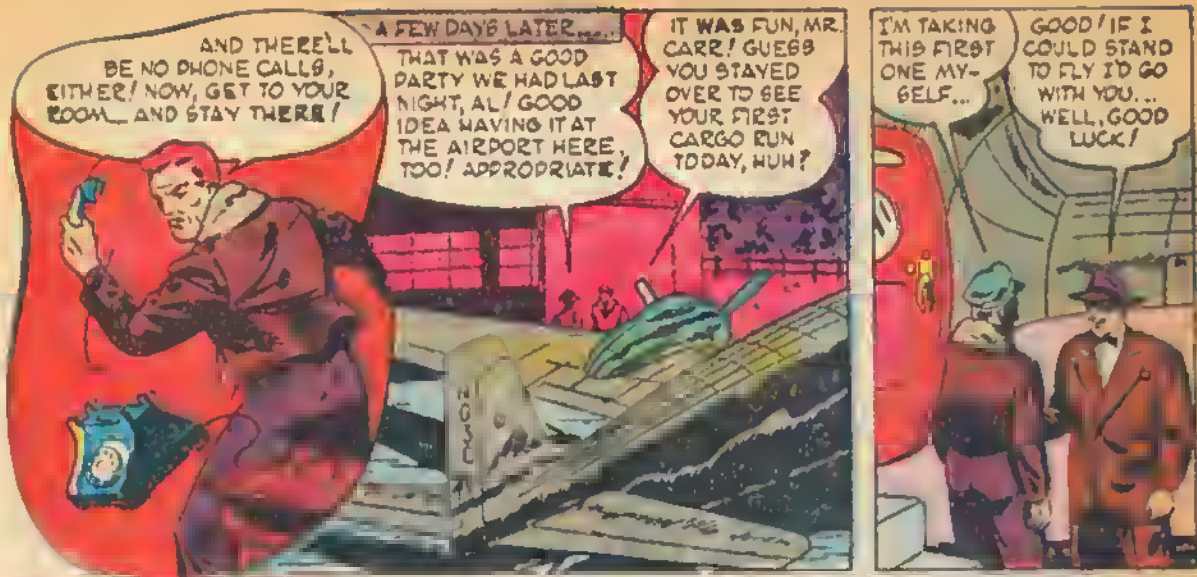


WHY YOU... LISTEN, BUSTER, I'LL MAKE A PLAY FOR CARR, HIMSELF! IF YOU THINK...



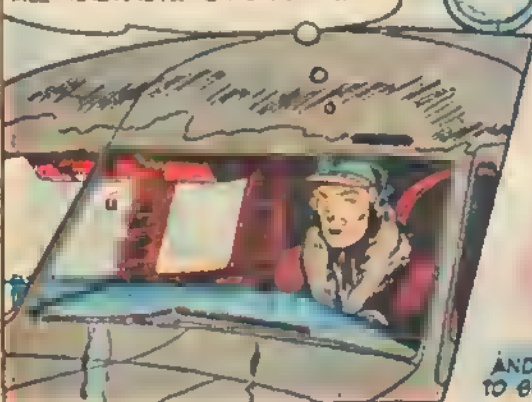
OW!

CRIME AND JUSTICE



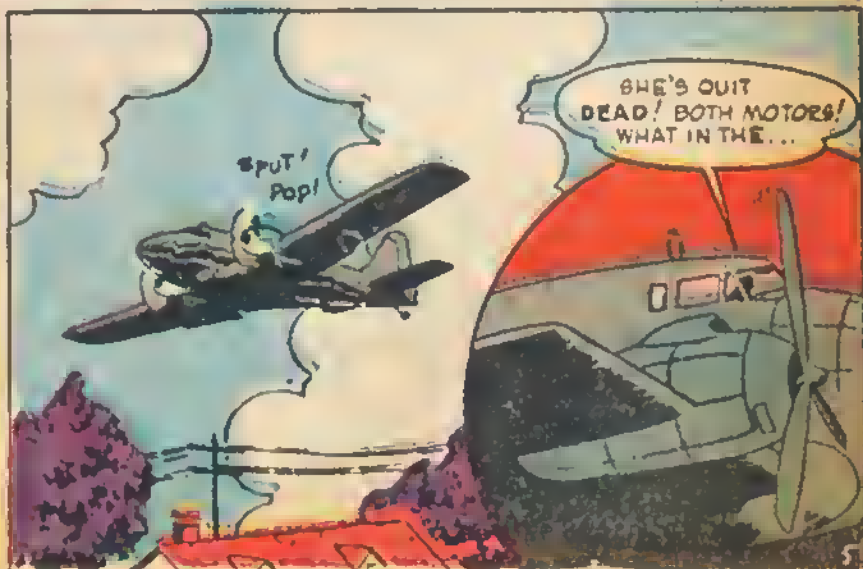
MOMENTS LATER, BLAIR PARKS HIS PLANE AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY AND GIVES IT A ROUTINE PRE-FLIGHT RUN UP...

RPM AND TEMP NORMAL... TRIMMED AND PITCHED FOR TAKEOFF... INSTRUMENTS ALL NORMAL... FLAPS DOWN...

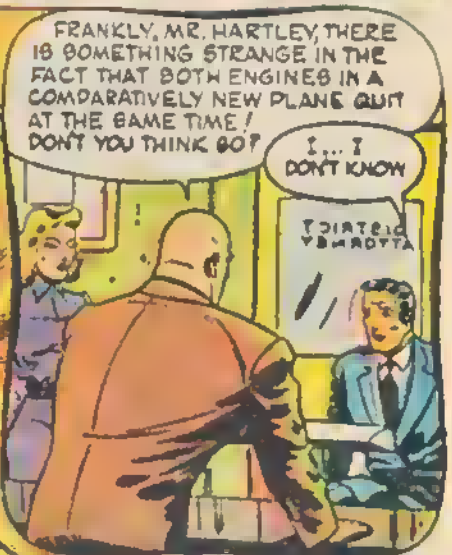


AND AFTER A THOROUGH CHECK, OPENS HIS THROTTLES TO SEND THE BIG SHIP HURTLING DOWN THE STRIP!

THERE IS A CRUCIAL MOMENT IN THE TAKE-OFF OF ANY AIRPLANE. THAT MOMENT WHEN IT IS BEYOND THE END OF THE RUNWAY WITH NO CHANCE OF COMING BACK DOWN IN CASE OF ENGINE FAILURE... AND WITHOUT AS YET HAVING GAINED ENOUGH ALTITUDE TO TURN AND RETURN TO THE FIELD. AT THIS POINT, THE PILOT CAN DO NOTHING BUT PUT HIS PLANE DOWN INTO WHATEVER HAPPENS TO BE IMMEDIATELY IN FRONT OF HIM...



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

FOR SOME MOMENTS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY READS A REPORT ON THE INSPECTION OF THE AIR-PLANE WRECKAGE ... AND STUDIES A TINY OBJECT FROM THE ENVELOPE BROUGHT BY HIS SEC-RETARY...

MRS. BLAIR... YOU ATTENDED A PARTY AT THE AIRPORT THE OTHER NIGHT, CELEBRATING A CONTRACT YOUR HUSBAND HAD SIGNED... ?

WHY... YES, I DID...

MATTER OF FACT YOU WERE BOTH PRESENT. DID YOU, AT ANY TIME, LEAVE THE ROOM THAT NIGHT, MRS. BLAIR ?

WHY, I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY THAT YOU WERE GONE, NEARLY AN HOUR, HELEN ! I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU TO... TO DANCE WITH YOU...

NO !

WELL, MAYBE I DID GO OUT-SIDE FOR A MOMENT / I DON'T SEE WHAT DIFFERENCE...

IT MAY MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE / BLAIR'S ENGINES QUIT TOGETHER BECAUSE SUGAR HAD BEEN PUT INTO HIS WING TANKS / SUGAR... IN THE GASOLINE SYSTEM OF AN ENGINE WILL CONGEAL OR "FREEZE" THE PISTONS TO THE CYLINDER WALLS... THIS KILLING THE ENGINE WITH NO HOPE OF RE-STARTING IT UNTIL IT'S BEEN COMPLETELY CLEANED AND RE-ASSEMBLED!

UPON DISCOVERY OF THIS, MY MEN LOOKED THE TANKS OVER CAREFULLY / UNDER THE CAP OF THE LEFT WING TANK THEY FOUND THIS... IT'S A BIT OF FINGER- NAIL POLISH / DO YOU THINK THAT, AFTER IT IS ANALYZED, IT WILL TURN OUT TO BE THE KIND YOU WEAR, MRS. BLAIR ?

ALL RIGHT... I REMEMBERED THAT SUGAR TRICK FROM YEARS AGO, WHEN SOME KIDS PUT IT INTO THE TANKS OF ALL THE CARS PARKED IN OUR BLOCK ONE HALLOWEEN!

WHEN AL FOUND OUT I'D BEEN GOING OUT WITH JIMMY HE, WELL... MADE LIFE PRETTY MISERABLE! HE WAS GOOD AT THAT... AND OH, THE HECK WITH IT! WHAT HAPPENS NOW ?

YOU MAY GO NOW, MR. HARTLEY...

THE END

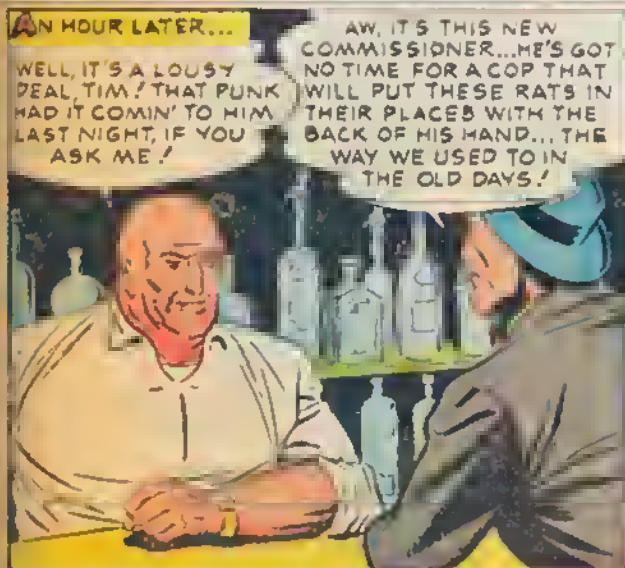
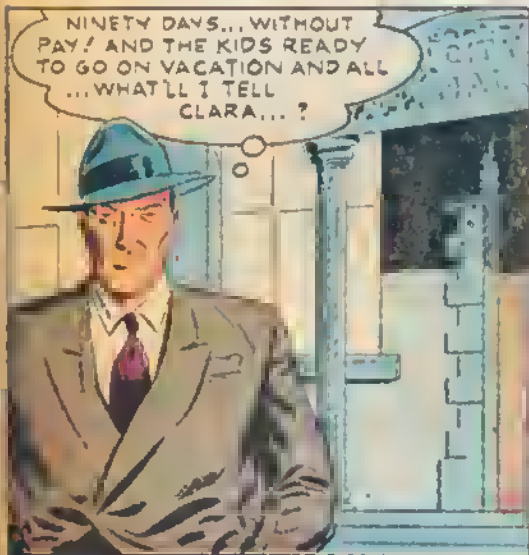
CRIME AND JUSTICE

THREE-STAR COP

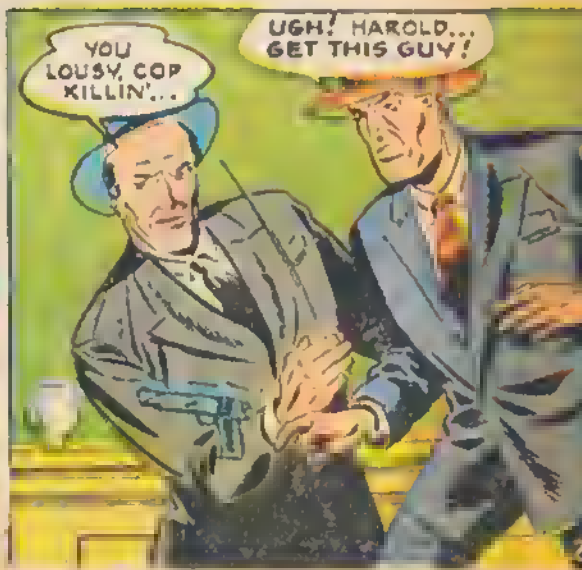
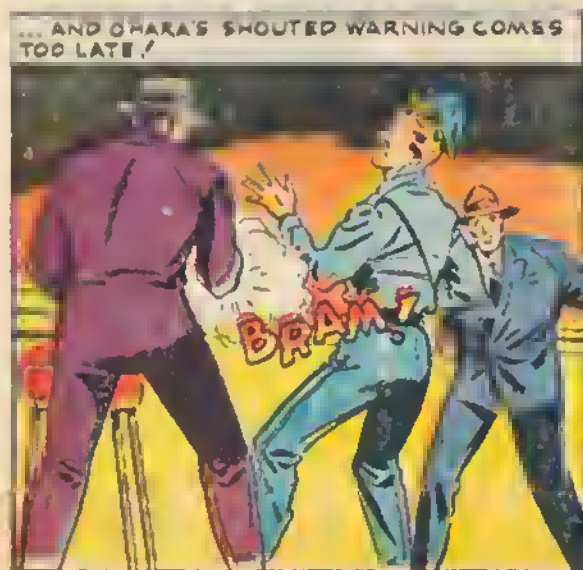
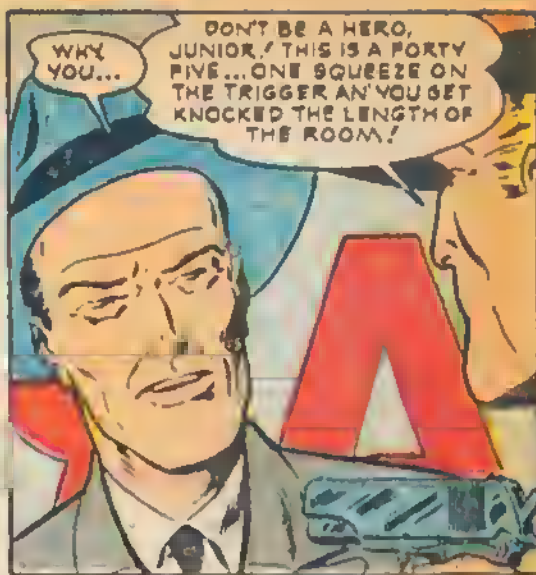
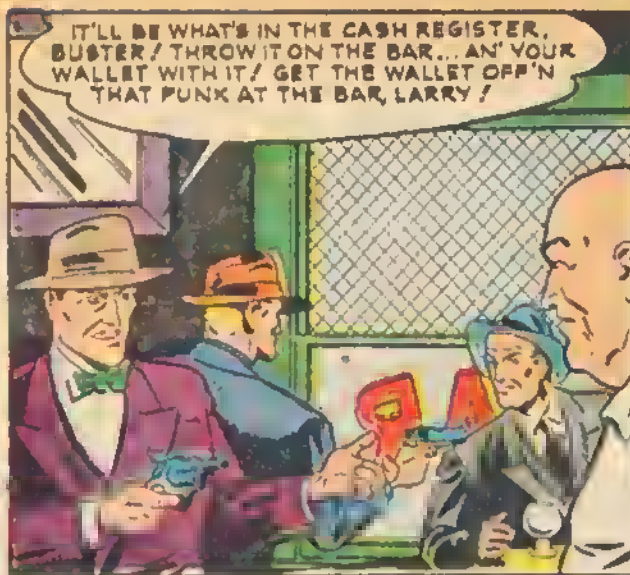
YOU'VE BEEN WARNED BEFORE O'HARA... THIS BUSINESS OF SLUGGING PRISONERS AROUND DON'T GO IN MY DEPARTMENT! THAT BIRD YOU NICKED UP LAST NIGHT WAS COMING ALONG PEACEFULLY... BUT COULD YOU LET IT GO AT THAT? NO... YOU HAD TO GET ROUGH ABOUT IT...!

BUT, SIR...

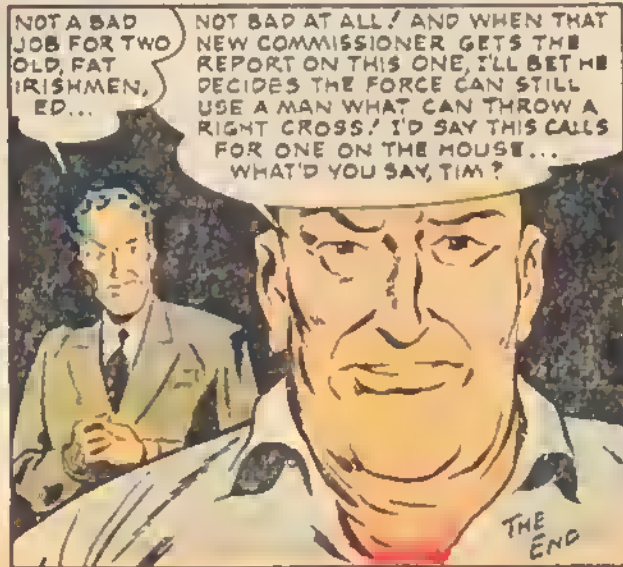
NO 'BUTS' ABOUT IT! YOU'RE A SMART COP AND ALL THAT, BUT I'LL BREAK YOU OF SHOVING PEOPLE AROUND! IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! YOU'RE SUSPENDED FOR NINETY DAYS... LEAVE YOUR GUN AND SHIELD WITH THE DESK SERGEANT ON YOUR WAY OUT!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE





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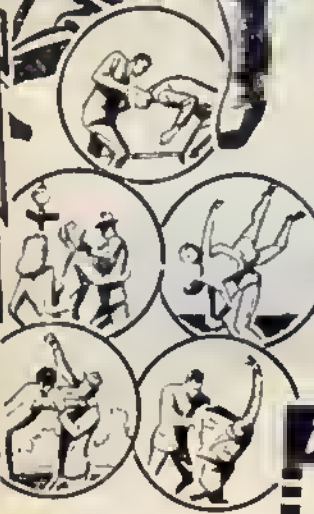
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BRAND
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HURRY
AN' GET
DE-PRES-
SURIZED!

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SIZZLING TH'
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